HARDCORE TOURISTS

WILD WKND #5

Greetings everyone,

Shoutout to the photographers who took these photos. Robbie Robinson, Linda Aronow, Alison Braun, and the rest are most definitly NOT tourists.

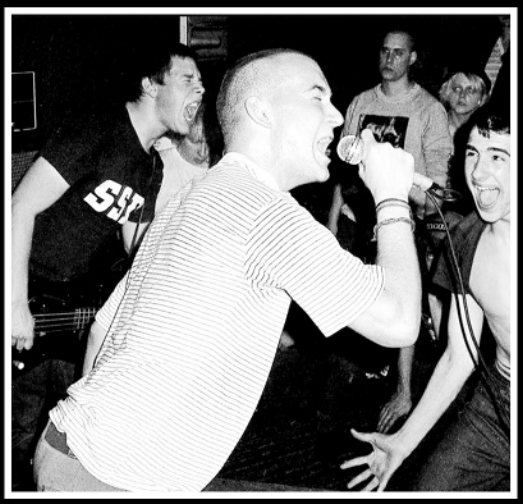
Thanks for reading,

The HC Board of Tourism

THIS IS LARRY

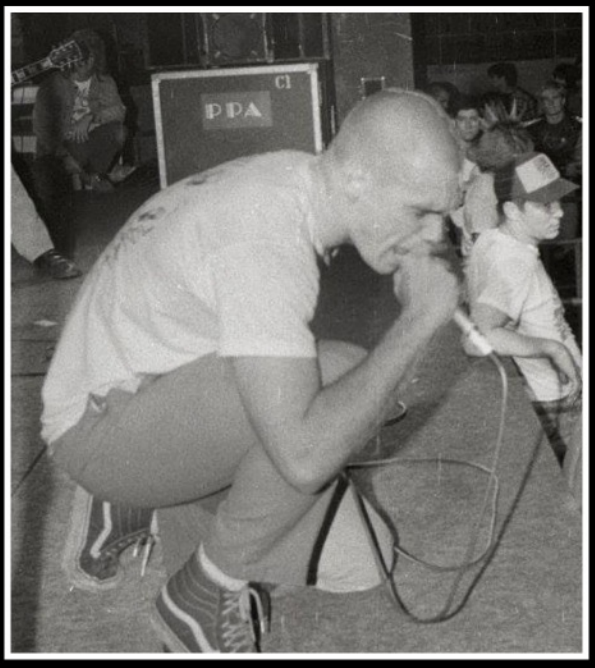
This is Larry. He first saw Black Flag with Ron Reyes on vocals and slammed so hard he peed a little. By 81, he thought they were washed up. He dropped out of the scene before the Negative Approach 7" came out and sold cars for 25 years before dying in a motorcycle accident in 2007.

THIS IS MIKE



This is Mike and his girlfriend Megan. They went to see Minor Threat cuz Mike really liked the Teen Idles and was hoping they'd play "Sneakers." They didn't. On the way out he picked up an In My Eyes 7". He was radicalized by the song "Guilty of Being White" and joined a Nazi skinhead gang.

Megan left him when he got 3 years for aggravated assault. She went on to be an interior decorator and is married with two kids. After doing his time, Mike worked construction in the DC metro area until he died in a scaffolding accident in 1989.



THIS IS SAM

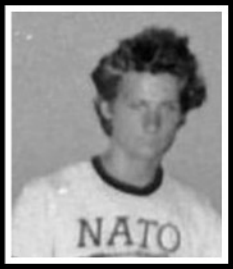
This is Sam. He got roped into going to see UC cuz his best friend Brian knew Pat Longrie, had a truck, and agreed to help transport drums and cabs in exchange for their admission. When Brian asked him after the show what he thought, Sam said it was "pussy shit compared to body surfing The Wedge." Sam is now a partner at his dad's law firm.

This is Tim. He went to Mission Records to pick up the new Jack Johnson CD. While shopping, he heard a commotion in the back and went to check it out. He got wall of death-ed and ended up getting stuck against the wall for the entire set, unable to escape. On his way out, he asked the clerk about the J.J. CD. A hardcore kid overheard, laughed at him, and called him a poser. He was never seen again.

This is Charlie. It was this moment, in the middle of an all time great Crumbsuckers set, that he remembered he had a poly sci paper due tomorrow at 9am. It didnt get done, he flunked the class, blamed hardcore and dropped out of Long Beach City College and the scene. He kicked around town doing gig work for the next decade or so until he was in a serious car accident in 1997. Larry H Parker got him $3.1 million dollars in the settlement. He now owns and operates an eco tourism surf camp in Nicaragua.

This is Woody. He came to the show cuz his mate Shaun said he would like it. He never took Shaun's advice again. Woody dedicated his life to basketball and played 15 years in the Italian league averaging 22 points and 10 assists per game. He lives in Florence with his wife and has 3 grown children. None are over 5'8".

This is Martin. He bought the cough/cool 7" in 78 and as a classically trained piano student since age 5, fell in love with it. He waited up front all night hoping they'd roll out a Wurlitzer 200a and jam his fav track but they never did. On the way back to his car, he got beat up by jocks and never attended a show again. He graduated college two years later as an entomologist and moved to Brazil to discover new insect species in the rain forest. He died of dengue fever in 85.



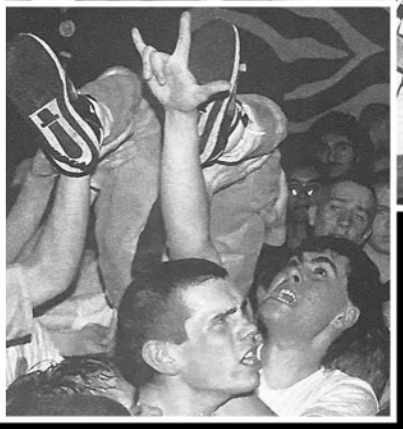
This is Scott. He was best friends with Dave Smalley since age 5 and both their dads worked for the state department. In recent years, they had drifted apart but on this night, Dave convinced Scott to come see his fav new band SSD. He was miserable that night, but came around by the time How We Rock came out. In fact, its Boston lore that hes the only dude with a Break it Up tattoo. After college, he joined the Peace Corps, then the state dept like his dad. He was an integral part of getting the Pelindaba Treaty signed in Cairo in 1996 after being stationed in Africa for 9 years. He now lives in Arlington, VA with his wife. They have two kids currently in college.

This is Timmy. He went with his bud to see Neurosis but he was so fuct up on a combo of sherm and tall cans that he thought his friend had said "Vio-lence." Disappointed at the lack of thrash, he watched only two songs then went and continued getting faded in the parking lot.

He made ends meet by being a bike messenger until the year 1998 when his grandma died and he found out she had bought $5k worth of Microsoft stock for him in 86. He cashed out half and invested in Lazertag franchises and bought an apartment in the North Beach neighborhood of SF where he still lives today.

This is Kelly. She thought her vanilla ass boyfriend, Darren, was going to take her to see a dirty movie but it was a show instead. She wanted to borstal break right outta there. Over the next month she dumped Darren and moved to California. In HB, she found her true love - beach volleyball.

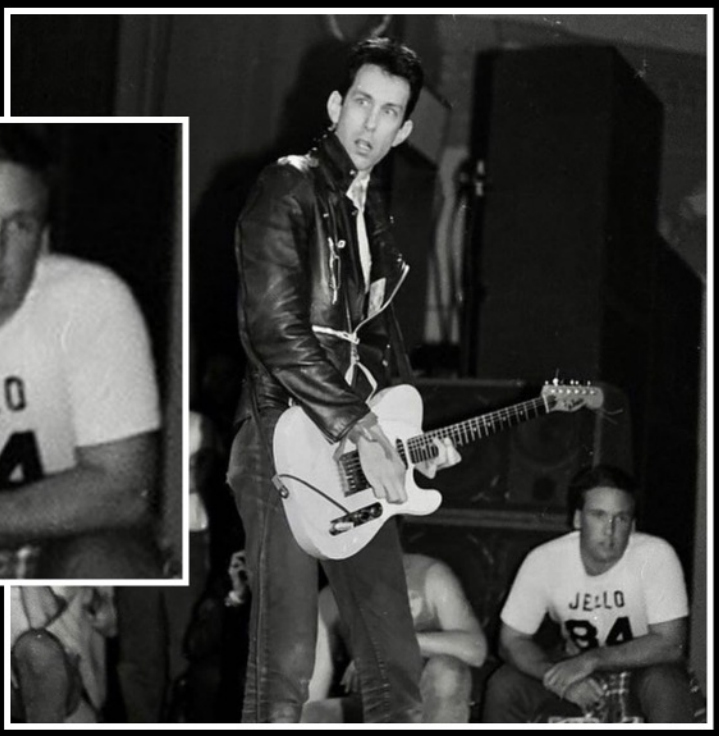
She'd play almost everyday and work nights bartending at the Crazy Burro. After missing the Olympic team in 92, she started dating a regular from the bar named Mongoose and picked up a gnarly coke habit. They moved to Barstow where they still live. He sells scrap and she's the assistant manager at the OG Del Taco.



This is Marko catching the hardcore holy ghost as GB rip into "better than you."

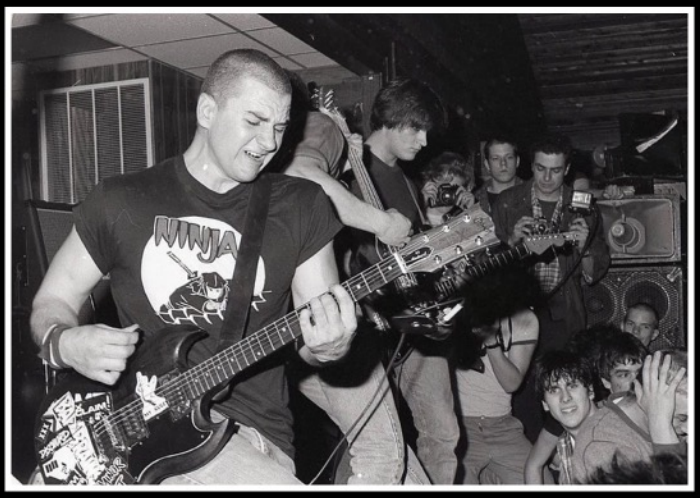
Immediately after flashing the Superfly Snuka hand gesture, he did a stagedive that made Snuka's dive on Don Muraco look weak as fuck. Unfortunately, the seas parted and he fractured his leg in 3 places. While he was in the hospital recovering, none of his straight edge "brothers" visited or called. He never went to a show again.

After he recovered, he moved to live with his aunt in Del Rio, TX. One night at a bar, he met Carlos Gallardo who was about to star for an indie flick being shot just on the other side of the border called El Mariachi. Marko came along to watch the shoot, and due to the low budget nature, he ended up being an extra, a show runner, and assistant grip. For two weeks of work, they were only able to pay him $500, but Robert Rodriguez, ever thankful for the help, offered him a % on the back end including potential sequels. The movie ended up being a hit, launched two sequels, and Marko worked in film in various capacities until his retirement in 2017. He now lives 20 minutes north of Puerto Escondido with his 2nd wife, Paola.



This is Shaun. He was a heavy for DK in the early days and saved Jellos ass whenever he was in serious danger. By 82 he was tired of kicking the sh!t out of kids, and signed up to learn Karate under Ralph Castro.

By 87, having conquered every competition he knew about, he flew to Hong kong in hopes of entering the Kumite, a No Holds Barred, illegal fight tournament, famously chronicled in a documentary the following year titled Bloodsport. Castro had told him of the Okinawa Gojuryu Karatedo Jundokan HK Branch dojo and said to go there to train and find a connection for the Kumite. Four months later, he got his wish and was able to enter the Kumite. He was killed by a fellow American named Ray Jackson in the third bout of round one.



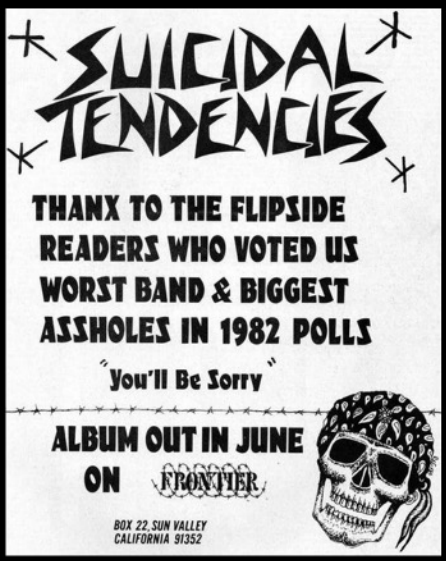
This is Marty. He was always up front slamming and diving. Another wicked night of hardcore with the boys! That it was, until this moment, when he peered across the room and saw his girlfriend of 2 years, Sally, making out with some poser from Beacon Hill. I mean, that dude didnt even slam. Heartbroken and feeling like nothing made sense anymore, he decided to finish his studies in the UK where he caught the tail end of the New Romantic scene.

The lack of hyper masculinity challenged him and intrigued him. In 83, he got offered a job as a guitar tech for Spandau Ballet. He jumped at the opportunity. Gary Kemp brought him along in 1990 when he was shooting The Krays and in a freak accident, Marty was killed by a falling piece of equipment. If you look close, whenever Kemp plays, theres a small "M" carved into the headstock of his gold Telecaster as a tribute to his friend.

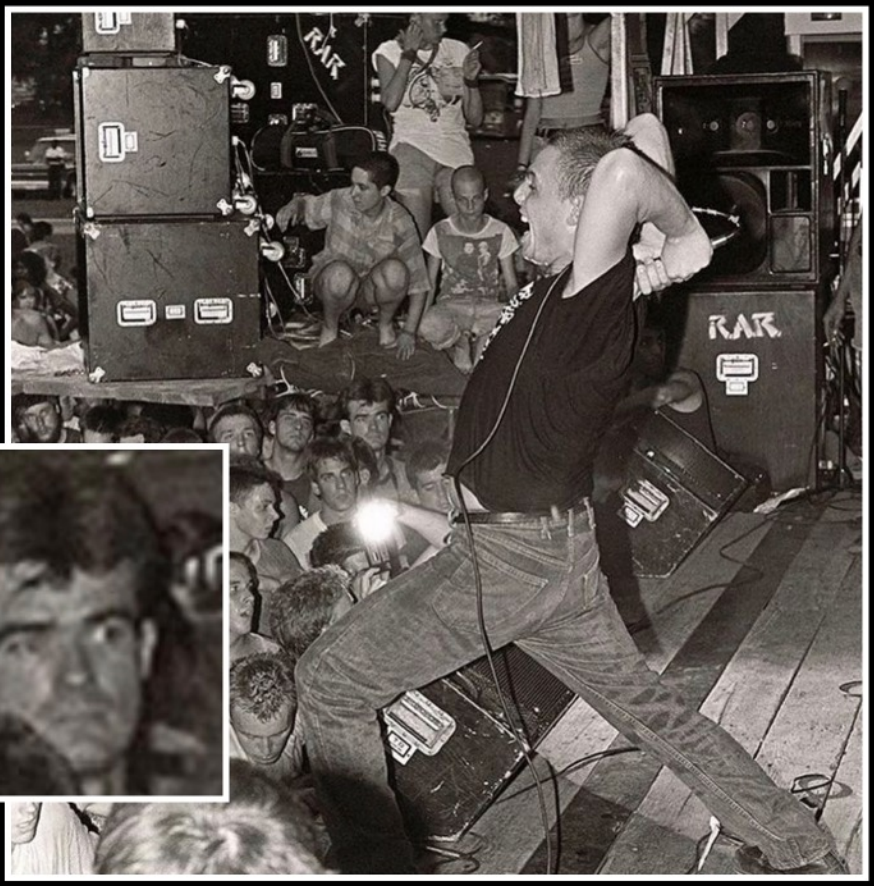
This is Eddie. He came to see Suicidal Tendencies cuz its all the guys were talking about that morning in the lineup at Bay Street. "I Saw Your Mommy" really harshed his buzz, as seen here, and he left shortly after on his beach cruiser, back to his pad near 28th and Sandborn.

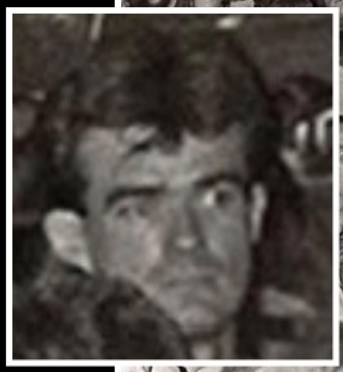
The next morning during dawn patrol, Roachdog started roasting him for not going in the pit and for being a Bangles fan. Eddie retaliated by dropping in on Roachdog on a perfect 6 foot left. Roachdog biffed it big time and got pounded all the way to the inside while Dave Gnar, Sammy Sandtoes, and Jonny Pitt all roared with laughter.

Roachdog waited on the beach for Eddie to get out of the water, promising a worse beatdown than what happened to that hippy the other night at The Starwood during Fear. When Eddie emerged from the surf, Roachdog threw a giant hay, but over committed, tumbling into the shallows. Eddie dove on top of him, taking advantage of Roachdogs misstep. As he began to rain down blows, he was pulled off a bloodied, embarrassed Roachdog by two civilians.


SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
THANX TO THE FLIPSIDE READERS WHO VOTED US WORST BAND & BIGGEST ASSHOLES IN 1982 POLLS
"You'll Be Sorry"
ALBUM OUT IN JUNE ON FRONTIER
BOX 22, SUN VALLEY CALIFORNIA 91352

Three nights later, Eddie was enjoying a draft at The Brig with Twiggy and Roachdog showed up. Eddie offered to buy him a beer but Roachdog offered in return a fatal stab wound to Eddie's sternum. He was pronounced DOA when he arrived at Cedars-sinai. Roachdog got 25 ta life and is currently still serving time in Tehachapi.





This is Clyde watching MDC in DC in 83. As the great-nephew of William H Webster, he was fast tracked through the academy upon completion of college. After Hinckley's assassination attempt on Reagan in 81, Clyde was put in charge of a small clandestine task force to monitor DC area underground events.

By the end of 82, he had closed the file and told his supervisor that nothing nefarious was being organized in the DC punk scene. His team was disbanded. However, when an event titled Rock Against Reagan was scheduled for DC in July of 83, featuring the Dead Kennedys and Millions of Dead Cops, Clyde's supervisor made him reopen the file and form a small team.

Nothing of consequence happened that night or over the next couple years. The file was closed again in the fall of 85 with Clyde remarking, "the Punks of the DC underground are not a threat to society.
In fact, they don't even slam anymore."

Clyde lives happily with his wife in Georgetown. They have two grown sons who followed in their dad's footsteps and became feds.

ROCK AGAINST REAGAN
a free music & comedy concert
with Dead Kennedys
MDC
Permanent Wave
Sticks Against Stones
Emcees: Jane Dornacker, Tom Ammiano, Lea DeLaria with Jeanine Strobel
And Comics: Ruby "Rodriguez" Rubenstein, Whoopi Goldberg, and Will Durst.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1983, 1-7 pm
Dolores Park, 18th & Dolores

Its like Mike Tyson said - everyone has a gameplan until they get kicked in the neck - or something like that. Well David's gameplan was to go to shows. Drink. Slam. Get buck.

It all changed this night when a size 10 Vans sneaker rocked him into bolivian. He was rushed to the emergency room but ended up with just a severely bruised larynx and was still able to speak. With a voice like the Godfather at age 24, he was crippled with shyness. He dropped off the map and never saw his punk friends again.

In the summer of 86, he moved from Lynwood to San Fernando to live with his cousin, Marco. Marco got him in with the Local 300 union and David thrived on the hard work and structure. No one held a stop sign quite like him.

In 1992, he became a certified forklift operator. Now he had the money, the respect, the power…and in 1993 he met Guadalupe Valdez.

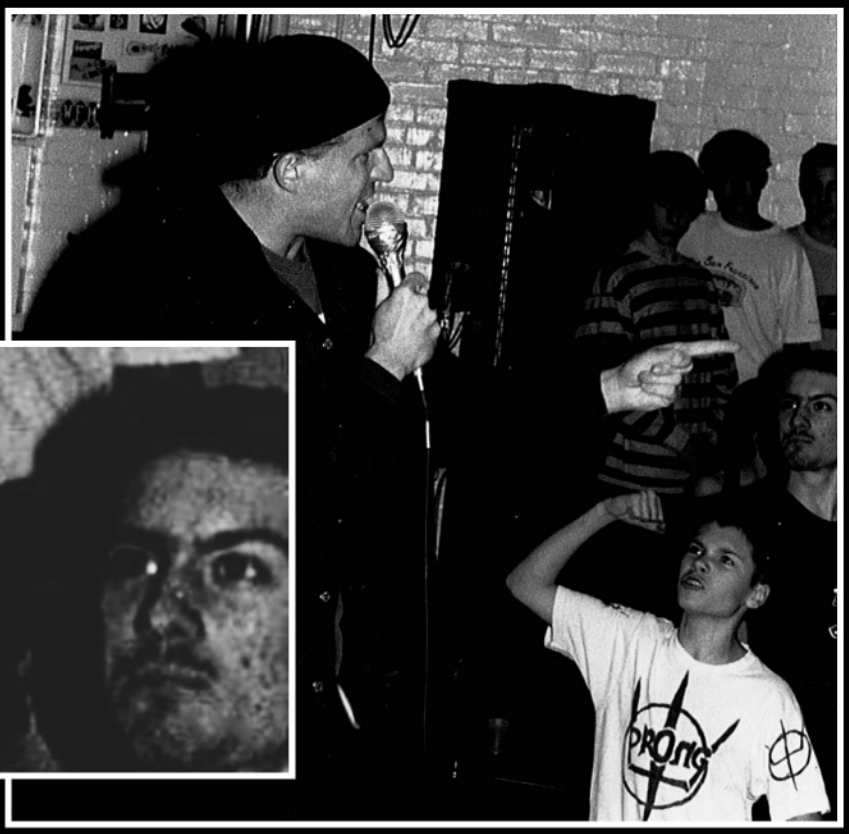
"I need you to do me a favor" he said to her, after weeks of mustering up the guts, still shy about his mangled voice.

"How can I help you, sir?" responded the most beautiful, 23 year old woman who had ever graced a McDonald's uniform.

"Let me take you out sometime - how bout we meet at Carrillo's tonight at 8?"

She agreed, they fell in love, and she eventually become his wife. They bought a home in Sylmar, where they still live, and had three kids.

#1 2 Hard Shell Tacos (Beef or Chicken)
#2 1 Taco & 1 Cheese Enchilada (w/ Meat add $2)
#3 1 Taco & 1 Tamale
#4 Taquitos w/ Guacamole
#5 1 Tamale & 1 Enchilada
#6 Chile Relleno
#7 2 Cheese Enchiladas (w/ Meat add $2.00)
#8 2 Tamales
#9 1 Enchilada & 1 Chile Relleno
#10 2 Soft Tacos (Carnitas or Carne Asada)
#11 Carnitas Dinner
#12 Carne Asada Dinner
#13 Chile Verde or Colorado Dinner
#14 Burrito Combination
#15 Costillas Combination (Red or Green)
#16 Flautas Combination



This is Brian. He's at the Slapshot show for one reason and one reason only - to kill Jack Kelly aka Choke.

Brian was born in Long Island in 1971 to Bill and Martha Schroder. In 1982, his parents were killed in a car accident. He was adopted by a nice family in Jamaica Queens and his brother, Rick, got sent to a group home.

Music was a staple in his new home, and his dad had a sick collection of 45's including rare cuts like The Soul Venders - Happy Organ 7" and Marley's Selassie in the Chapel. At age 16, his dad taught him about Rastafarianism and theyd smoke and bond. He loved his dad. He loved reggae. He loved Rastafari.

In 1989, his friend Nate got him to tag along to CBGBs to see the Bad Brains shortly after they released Quickness. His mind was blown. That week he bought I Against I on cassette and it played in his walkman 24/7. He was hooked. He never really fell in love with any other HC bands but he lived and would die for the Bad Brains.

A handful of months later, he got a call from Nate telling him about a band named Slapshot and a song named Firewalker. As Nate read Brian the lyrics, Brian got more and more heated. What chapped his ass the most though was the line "Haile Selassie is a fake." How could they say this about the second coming?

In June 1990, Brian took a train to Boston to see Slapshot at the Rat, a switchblade tucked in his back pocket. Maelstrom was so bad, he almost forgot his mission and left, but then he saw Choke at the merch booth, rekindling his rage.

Slapshot took the stage and played all the classics. Brian stood right in front staring at Choke. When the band launched into Firewalker, Brian pulled out his blade and rushed the stage. He swiped at Choke just missing his left side and stumbled, getting caught up in Steve Risteen's mane. Prong fan #1 charged the stage, lighting up Brian's ribs. Then Jamie Sciarappa cracked him in the face with his bass.

Brian went down and was thrown out of the Rat like a suitcase. When he came to, he tried stumbling back to the train but fell into traffic and was hit by a bus.

The bad news is he died. The good news is he was reunited with his parents. JK…heaven isn't real.

This is Sammy up front for GBH @ Fenders in 86. He loved to drink RC Cola. He loved sniffing glue. He loved to slam. But more than anything, he loved his Rubik's Cube.

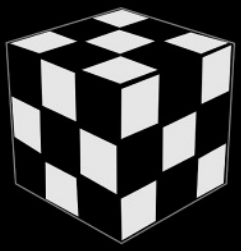
After being gifted to him by his Aunt Gertie on Christmas of 81, he never left home without it. When Minh Thai won the initial 3x3x3 world championship in 82, with a staggering time of 22.95 seconds, Sammy committed to practicing 4 hours per day.

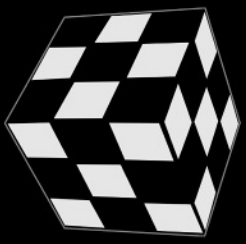
And so it was, years upon years of practice. In late 85, he broke his arm stage diving at the Cathay de Grand. So when 86 rolled around, he committed to 8 hours of practice per day. His best unofficial time at this point was 26.46 seconds. He had shaved 5 seconds off his time since 84.

He shaved an additional average of .2 seconds off his game every year. By 2002, he was clocking under 24 seconds. In December of that year it was announced there would once again be a world championship - August 23rd, 2003 in Toronto. Sammy booked his ticket.

In February 03, while surfing at San Onofre, he was attacked by a juvenile white shark, losing his left hand. While recovering, he taught himself to speed cube one handed and told himself he was still going to compete. In Toronto that August, he completed his cube with one hand in 40.75 seconds to a standing ovation. In 04, the World Cube Association added a one handed competition in his honor.

Sammy competed in 04, 05, 07, and 08, never ranking higher than 5th place.





This is Alex getting ready to stagedive during the Dicks at the Olympic in '84. It was his first and last show. He rolled with his friends Casey and Mario to the show but they got separated. Mario got beat up by Suicidals in the bathroom cuz he was wearing a LADES Auto Shop Shirt (his boss' last name) and the Suicidals thought it said LADS after smoking sherm. When Casey found him, he helped him to the car and they cut to the hospital not waiting for Alex.

When they went back to the Olympic after Mario got stitched up, it was 3am and everyone was gone. They headed back to North Hollywood not realizing Alex had waited but left at lam. Alex hoofed it down Pico to Western, heading towards Melrose where his lady worked, knowing she'd be there the next day at 9am

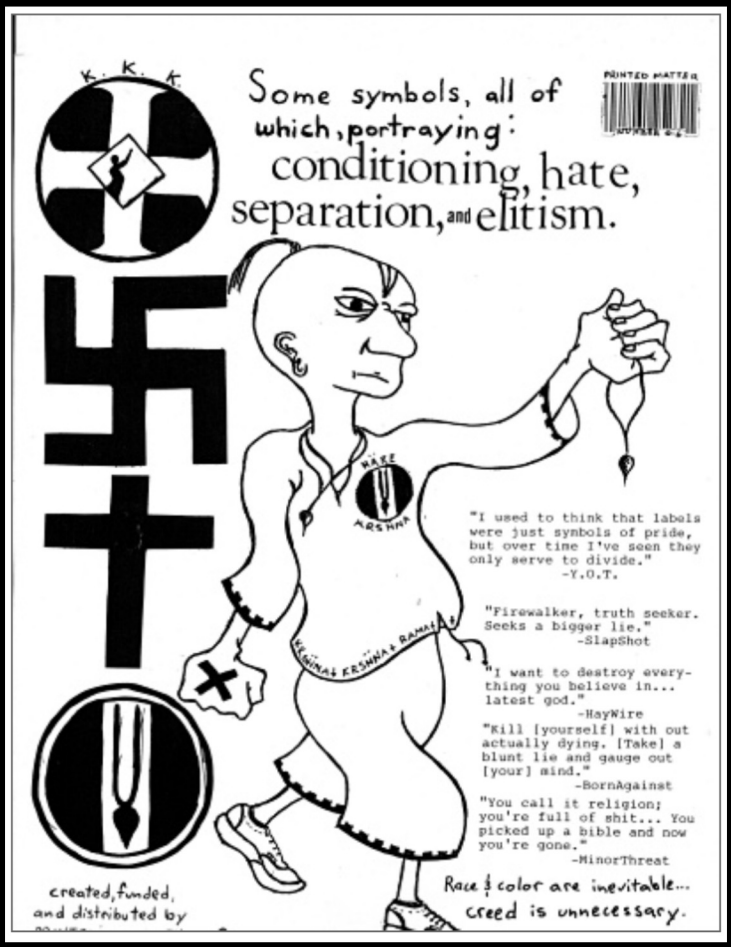
Around 5 or 6 he was tired, both mentally and physically. He stopped at the Denny's on Wilshire for a coffee and to kill time, taking a seat at the bar. He started reading the funny pages and one cracked him up so hard he spit out coffee onto the waitress. He apologized profusely, and she couldnt get mad as he flashed that million dollar smile.

Down the bar, a gentleman's eyes lit up. This was the smile he had been looking for. The man was Mark Reuban, who was out on business in LA after newly being named the CEO of Colgate. He inked Alex to a 6 figure exclusive model deal, and over the next 4 years, Alex appeared in over 50 print ads and 12 commercials.

By 88, he had parlayed his career into working in the advertising department, and at a conference in St Louis, he met his future wife and Palmolive model, Miriam. They live together in Manhattan and have 3 grown children.

This is Abjayoni Brijesh (formerly and futurely Jim Smith). He was born with a blessing and a curse…an 11 inch dick. Jim grew up in Bridgeport, CT with his mom and three sisters. In 1990, at the age of 18, his mom came into a bit of an inheritance and decided to take the whole family to Disney World to celebrate Jim's high school graduation. In the airport while waiting for the flight, a skinny dude dressed in an orange muumuu put a flower on his knee. Reflecting back on his 18 years on this earth, he couldn't recall a time when he felt this special. Jim chatted with the man briefly, who told him to come see his band play in Norwalk on June 15th. That was only 20 minutes from Jim's house so he assured the orange muumuu guy that he would be there.

A couple weeks later there he was, in his new identity of Abjayoni Brijesh, packed up front butts to nuts during a Shelter set at the Anthrax. He enjoyed the gig a lot and even bought some beads and a Perfection of Desire CD. On the way back to his car after the gig, people were handing out flyers and he grabbed a couple that he checked out when he got home. One for Judge on July 9th and WTF…one was equating Krishna with the KKK and nazis. He thought back to the show. It WAS pretty much all angry white dudes and a bunch had shaved heads. Holy shit, what had he gotten himself into? Needless to say, he never attended a Krishna show again and just went back to Jim Smith.


K.K.K.
Some symbols, all of which, portraying:
conditioning, hate, separation, and elitism.
PRINTED MATTER
HARE KRSHNA
KRSHNA & RAMA
"I used to think that labels were just symbols of pride, but over time I've seen they only serve to divide."
-Y.O.T.
"Firewalker, truth seeker. Seeks a bigger lie."
-SlapShot
"I want to destroy everything you believe in... latest god."
-HayWire
"Kill [yourself] with out actually dying. [Take] a blunt lie and gauge out [your] mind."
-BornAgainst
"You call it religion; you're full of shit... You picked up a bible and now you're gone."
-MinorThreat
created, funded, and distributed by
Race & color are inevitable... creed is unnecessary.

He had applied to a bunch of colleges in CA to get out of the cold, and although he didn't get accepted to USC or UCLA, he got a partial scholarship to Cal State Northridge to play volleyball. One day in the showers after practice, he noticed the assistant coach hog watching a little too intently. On the way out, coach passed him a business card and said call this number if you want to be rich. It read "Russ Hampshire/VCA Pictures." Jim rang him up as soon as he was back in the dorms.

Three days later, he dropped out of college and started his storied career as Long Dong Silver III, where he would go on to win 19 AVN awards. Jim was inducted into the AVN Hall of Fame posthumously in 2001, two years after he died from an OxyContin overdose.

This is Steven. He was just a tourist who never got it.

Now Leaving
HARDCORE